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THE PRATAP

S. P. COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

An apology.

Unbounded egotism—a source of immense enjoyment to many people—is often branded as the result of some uncanny perversion of thought. Everyone believes that, in the daily intercourse of men, no one has the right to talk more of himself (howsoever imposing his demeanour be) than of others. When you flagrantly set at naught this common assumption, you are hated, vilified, condemned; you are said to be abusing the faculty of self-expression; you are considered to be guilty of breach of etiquette.

But—and should we piously thank God here?—an editor is immune from all the dangers which usually befall an egotist. Egotism is the editor's unchallengeable right, it is the *Swaraj* of his pen. He can tell you the exact number of words printed, the exact quantity of ink spilled in printing them; he can tell you even all about his personal likes and dislikes, his moods and traits, and who is there to betray the faintest signs of resentment? Who protests against his audacity? Who, we ask, objects to his self-assertion? The truth is that, in an editor's case, arrogance becomes a praiseworthy virtue, and the expression of his overweening self-importance becomes a duty devoutly to be performed.

Even if the case were otherwise, it would be a sweet delight to assume airs of authority and stretch the wings of one's imagina-

tion and blow away all those little "nippy" creatures—the "critics" —who are jealous of the editor's right to think aloud.

Since the word "critic" has somehow presented itself to our mind, we should like to talk something about that particular species of young *litterateurs.* A student-critic (and particularly one who belongs to the first year class) questions the editor about all that he (the editor, I mean) wants to do. He pours a molten stream of eloquence into the editor's ears, protests against the usual procedure, curses and rails at the existence of the **W. P. B.** with a persistence that exasperates you, if it does not make you rave. You first try to flatter him ; if that fails, you assume an easy submissive look ; and if even that is of no avail, you bite your lips, and cry yourself hoarse. In this, to be frank, lies the great privilege of the editor.

To ensure the safety of the editor's throat and "peace and good-will among men" we want to address a few words to our contributors.

Just a Request .

In this, we hope, we will escape the accusations of conceit, priggishness, effrontery and every conceivable condemnable vice. Though our younger contributors deserve thanks for their earnest desire to serve the magazine (we are not ironical, mind you) we may remind them that the *Pratap* is meant more to interest its readers than to instruct them. "Wise" and "pious" articles, in which attempts are made to teach the students the way to salvation, to solve the riddles of life and the problems of death, are hardly worth entertaining. We don't mean that morality should become a sort of "touch-me-not" for the students. We could not afford to preach such dangerous sacrilege. But the fact is that students who try to moralize at length are bound to fail ; the results of their efforts are either boring and monotonous sermons or dull collections of mummified maxims. Such articles are always jejune, insipid devoid of appeal, hopelessly uninteresting and sadly ludicrous. We,

therefore, request our younger contributors to touch topics which are nearer to their heart.

Then—and then alone—will the editor be shorn of all grandeur, divested of all glory and stripped of all honour. Then —and then alone—will he cease to assume airs of authority and tyrannize over his fellows. Then—and then alone—will the millenium be established in our college. "There is a good time coming, boys, a good time coming."

Prof. Thussu's sudden decision to retire from the Editorial Board of the *Partap* was as surprising as the proverbial bolt from the blue. He had been the staff-editor of our magazine since 1931; his tireless efforts and great enthusiasm helped the *Partap* in building a great reputation and attaining a high standard. He loved the *Partap* and whatever the romantic poets may say to the contrary, love too surfeits itself. He has left an indelible impress on our magazine which—need we say that?—will remember his contribution with gratitude. We deeply regret his retirement.

One of the most arresting (though not advantageous) features of the present issue is its thin volume. It is a pity that a tradition which our magazine carefully maintained for the last three or four years is being broken this time. The blame, however, does not go to us; it goes to the 'devil of finance'. The *Partap* was faced with a deficit, and the great financial difficulties which beset us were mighty and frightening. We may assure our readers that the *Partap* will not be gradually reduced to a pamphlet; the next issue will be as bulky and fat as our previous issues.

YUSUF

———

FROM THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

On Boredom, Literature and the Editor's Job.

As I recline on my easy chair, the topic which comes nearest to my mind is that of boredom. For those who are practically unaware of the editor's lot it will be a disappointing surprise. Few people know that it is boredom, it is this painful, annoying, harrowing experience, that goes to the making of the life of this blasted creature (I mean an editor), who finds himself always buried under a heap of stupid articles. Here he finds a writer mawkishly sentimental, there a contributor manouvring an infantry of words to make him laugh when, to his sheer disappointment, he discovers that he is hopelessly impervious to the pathos of one and pathetically frigid to the humour of the other.

Of all the experiences of man, the experience of boredom is unique. It makes you unconscious of what you are. When you are bored, you seem to slide through nothing, you seem to dance in air and float on water, and, except for a vague, feeble, recurrent itch of uneasiness, you seem to be without a mind. And with all this uniqueness, it is the most common experience of one's life. When imagination drapes realities and turns the sordid commonplace of life into romance and poetry, we begin to revel in a dream-world of loveliness and enchantment. But as you cast this gorgeous veil of poetry aside, you begin to stare the facts of life in the face. It is then that you find that it is the dross of ennui and the dust of boredom that enter into the composition of the stuff of human existence. If life were lived bravely, without the prospect of finding refuge in worlds created by imagination, you would find more of boredom than excitement in it.

It is a curious fact that this prominent experience of man's life has found scanty expression in literature. It seems as if there is a deliberate, astounding, even an insulting conspiracy against this topic. It is only in the post-war literature—with the 'theorics of life" that attempt to solve the distressing problems of man, (and these theories are numerous)—that, along with the weariness, the angry

discontent, the sickening disillusionment of life, boredom came to the front as a subject constantly written about. Not that there is a lack of realistic literature in this world. The great cause of this surprising silence in literature other than that I have just spoken of is that, in the case of "finely-strung organisms," boredom is no sooner experienced than ways of escape from it begin to be devised. So that, from Coleridge's world of the supernatural to Einstein's four-dimensional continuum, from Morris's mediaevalism to Keats' Hellenism, you may be sure, literature is nothing but the result of the urge of boredom to escape into other worlds.

But why should you force me to develop a sermon of futility, to make "much ado about nothing," in short, to bore you? Though an annoying experience, boredom is not without its relieving advantages. When you are bored, you vow vengeance and join the great army of unendurable bores. Otherwise, a lucid man would be a burden on the shoulders of the earth, a blot on the face of world, a mistake of God (Do I, by the way, also bore you ?).

I sometimes fancy that boredom is a pleasurable experience which allows you to laugh at people.

But, in the long run, it isn't. From an entertaining experience, it soon becomes a humourless obsession.

YUSUF

We cannot remain consistent with the world save by growing inconsistent with our own past selves. The man who consistently—as he fondly supposes "logically"—clings to an unchanging opinion is suspended from a hook which has ceased to exist.

—Havelock Ellis.

MUSINGS

(1) *Dreams.*

Dreams! Ah, they are to me more real than reality itself!

It is my dreams that vaguely suggest to me what life might mean.

They lighten my sorrows and enhance my joys.

It is my dreams that, by their idyllic beauty, make it possible for me to bear my burden of suffering.

Dreams—dark and bright, vivid and terrible, enchanting and wonderful—they are like sweet pangs of suspense in my soul's flight towards heaven.

---

(2) *A Flower Girl.*

She was a tiny flower-girl, a pretty flower plucked from the garden of childhood and tossed into the sinful world of men by the cruel hands of Fate.

She would cross me in the lane every morning when I went out on my usual rounds.

The sight of her would set my heart a flutter with a strange emotion of joy.

She would carry innumerable wreaths of many—coloured flowers in her basket.

To what unknown destination would she carry her fragrant burden, I wondered.

What lucky home did she brighten with her sweet presence and innocent laughter?

I did not know her name, and I dared not beg a flower of her.

One day she turned towards me with a smile which went like wine into my head and set my brain areel.

Alas, that was the last I saw of her!

Where has the sweet bird flown out of my narrow horizon, I vainly cry!

---

(3) *Rain*!

The sky is overcast with dusty clouds.

The atmosphere grows leaden, and the wind holds its breath.

The heavens grow dark and dismal like a pall of death.

Suddenly the winds burst forth in the violence of a storm of dust and destruction.

The earth lies prostrate beneath the fury of the elements.

Suddenly lightning flashes forth with tremendous rumblings and drenches the earth in cool showers.

And the famished creatures of the world contemplate the scene with grateful eyes and drink in the cool breezes with breathless avidity.

'X'

SUNDAY

As a college student I was a notorious back-bencher—one of those candid, sturdy, "damn-it-all" gentlemen who scrupulously non-co-operate with the professor. During college hours we created a nauseating atmosphere even for those whom we suspected to be industrious and hard-working. Out of the college—at home—we harrassed our parents by insulting God Almighty! Not that He had given any offence to any one of us, but because like Southey's Sir Ralph the Rover, "Our mirth was wickedness," and also it appeared a little bold, novel and modern to run Him down and to declare ourselves atheists, and thus carry on the struggle on earth started by Satan in Heaven.

On a certain Monday morning the Professor of Mathematics was unusually grim. His grimness gave me an insight into the atmosphere of Hardy's Heath on a cloudy winter night. While on his rounds in the class-room he exhibited an intention of paying a visit to our quarter, the "Ulster of the class." I sensed the storm, whispered danger to my immediate neighbour, consulted him about the coming catastrophe and suggested to him that taking a timely advantage of the learned, furious professor's sense of courtesy we should think with our legs and show him a clean pair of heels. But the Professor was bent upon making mischief, he scented conspiracy and addressing my neighbour blurted out the old, awful question, "What about your home task ?... Show me your exercise books." My face fell and I gave myself up for lost. But my neighbour was the iron man of our set. When it came to nerves, he always stood his ground admirably well. Facing the professor he very quietly but very firmly replied, "Even God Almighty took rest on Sunday........ Why should you........you deny me the privilege granted by Him in his greatness to miserable mankind ?.........It is irreligious.........!". The Devil quoted scripture and escaped punishment but a change was wrought unto me, "the atheist". I developed a secret liking for God Almighty for his having created a charming precedent of "no-work" on a Sunday, while linking Mother Earth with uncle Satan (it is no use to speak ill of him, he is very consistent and kind which quality even some of the best of us lack). But what is of more consequence is the fact that this insignificant incident became responsible for increasing my love and regard for a Sunday.

Even in the good old days of my child-boyhood when the din, the dust and the wooden routine of life never troubled my nerves, and when every day (thanks to our backwardness in industrialization) was a holiday for me, I had a great liking for a Sunday. It meant a sure and regular holiday for my father and I could enjoy his whole-day presence on such a day only. In those days Europe was (owing to Germany's chronic world ambition, or in other words, due to its complete disregard for the Sunday spirit)

suffering from the throes of the Great War ; and I relished very much the good news gathered from father on a Sunday about the massacre of hundreds of Germans..."our enemies" My father used to discuss a-month-or-two old newspaper with his friends and in the course of this discussion I desperately watched any fresh news of misery and horror wrought on mankind. We (my father, his friends and myself) wished with all thought-power at our command that the War might never cease ; and any talk of peace exasperated us. What harm was there in the War, in the blood-shed ? The beautiful Valley of Kashmir was far away, hidden by the snow-clad mountains from the ferocious combatants and the "air menace" had not attained any appreciable efficiency for mass destruction. Under such tempting circumstances it was clearly illogical to talk of peace. When I recall what so many of us (who as the 'Book of books' says were created by Him after his own image) leisurely thought on Sundays at a time when Mars reigned supreme over the world I feel convinced that Darwin's (may his soul rest in peace... he was a great eye—opener !) ape is very closely related to mankind.

In the school my liking for a Sunday deepened into tender regard which is the beginning and basis of love. Although on all working days the vagabondism in my nature never allowed me to sit at the feet of my teacher for more than one or two periods, yet a Sunday was a blessing. It enabled me to hold my head high in the school on a Monday, my teacher having forgotten all about my Saturday sins. On other working days of the week, I could not escape the punishment for previous day's "leave without permission", the memory of my defaults being very fresh. Repression is contagious and a perpetual punishment assumes the shape of a big load ; I could in the presence and under the patronage of my father (being the first born, father loved me more than my younger brother while reverse was the case with my mother) on a Sunday only, relieve myself of the dead weight of this load by punishing my younger brother for his negligent ways, clumsy

manners, and irregular habits for want of a specific, definite charge. Mother always tried to beat me for my high-handedness, but with the Hitler of the house (my father) on my side she could never achieve her cherished desire. She had to seek solace in tears, a woman's last logic !

As I advance in years my love for a Sunday assumes the form of a "vast passion" for it. While working, the idea of a Sunday makes me feel that there is ahead a certain, sure and steady period of time which would render a helping hand to most of us—dictators of Europe excepting—in avoiding the awkwardness of a breakdown. And is not the avoidance of the breakdown more than half success in the world ?

The two chief characteristics of a Sunday are its certainty and dignified simplicity. The Calendar has to offer many red gifts —there are holidays and holidays for us—the birthdays, the anniversaries of the saints, seers, Prophets, kings and queens, for instance—but all of them lack that sweet and soothing air and atmosphere of certainty and confidence which characterises and therefore endears a Sunday. Most of them fall once in a year, and some of them, like the 29th of February, once in four years. They possess mushroom existence, fall suddenly and become the shreds of past as suddenly. Their nature is very indefinite, insignificant and uncertain ; one can't build on them, can't rely on them. The soothing Sunday, on the other hand, falls once in every week : offers rest and gets spent without tiring us by offering too much of it.

On any other holiday, on Lord Krishna's birthday for instance, one sadly misses the beauties of dignified simplicity. On such a holiday one must fast and resolve to be good and great. Well it is there that complexity, penury of the heart and beggarliness creep in. So far as fasting is concerned, I am very respectfully, but definitely against it. Fasts make me think, incessantly and violently, I am glad to confess, of those things only which I am required to forego—meals ! While fasting I can never con-

centrate on God or resolve to be good and great ; the hands of the clock command all my attention and pathetic gaze. Experience, the best teacher in the world, has taught me, that a full, well-contented stomach is always God-fearing ; and the fear of God, which we have been taught to regard as the first sign of wisdom, can hardly be attained by the mockery of penance and purging—a spiritualistic fad ! On the other hand, when fields, fowls and flowers present themselves to me, God-realization becomes easier and I look goodness and greatness incarnate. But I was talking about the dignified simplicity of a Sunday. In our part of the Globe, a Sunday never demands a chalked-out action, it never offers a chalked-out programme. It allows one to drift along with the current, to dream dreams which end in smoke and to dance to one's own tune. It may be argued that human progress would be impossible unless we concentrate on the lives of great men of yore and of the present day, but the history of the world bears witness to the fact that this argument hides a monstrous falsehood. The woes of Mother Earth increased when the sons of the soil began to concentrate on and copy the lives of the great men of the past......great men of action in particular. World's men of action, the followers of that "angel of action" who disturbed peace in Heaven by his unholy and impious attempt for ending autocracy there, have always been and still continue to be the disturbers of peace on earth. The present day politics of the world.........appeasement, encirclement, peace time war budgets, race for armaments for preserving peace, air raids and air-raid precautions, superiority of the Aryan race and a multitude of other destructive theories and practices and counter destructive blows —enamoured of the moral values of War, have obliged me to choose a bull out of the beasts, a bull with lazy, half-closed eyes, threading down saliva on the green grass, on which it feeds and fattens to the final fall, and Ganesh out of the gods, the heaviest Hindu God who moves about on one of the tiniest of God's creatures, the blessed rat, on whom to concentrate and whose

ways to imitate, in order that the world might be saved from the impending destruction. The five-year plans, all the talk about the old axes and the formation of new ones makes me cry in sheer distress—"When will the Sunday spirit reign supreme ?"

BY MOHAN KISHAN TICKOO,
Vakil, Srinagar.

THE COLLEGE—THEN AND NOW

To be back in one's old college after a lapse of over ten years is bound to be an interesting experience. In this fast changing world—especially in the present age—a period of ten or eleven years is a fairly long term, long enough to change one's outlook on things, to bring about mighty revolutions in the world, or to change an institution out of recognition. And here I am back in my *alma mater*, on its teaching staff, since I was a student here in 1928. Naturally, I am struck by many changes in the dear old place when I pause to reflect on what it was like in those 'good old days.'

The very first thing that now attracts one's attention in the college is the vast member of the inmates that are compelled to seek shelter under its roof in wet weather, for then even the inveterate truants have no escape. The rolls have, in fact, more than doubled during the last ten years, and the main college building looks to-day like a huge bee-hive. The bees are, no doubt, stingless, but the buzzing they sometimes make, is enough to shake the nerves of persons uninitiated into the mysteries of the hive. Nor do these interesting part-time dwellers of the hive seem to have any clear notions of what they are about. They have a chronic habit of getting into odd places where they are not wanted, and their very nature seems to rebel against any rules that might lead to easy and convenient traffic to and fro through passages that are none too wide or firm. Verily, if any of those tiny

creatures that collect and store honey were led by curiosity into this human hive, their research into the ways of man would strike their minds with despair and they would possibly conclude that man was one of the most backward and undesirable creatures allowed to exist under the heavens.

Turning from the sheep to the pastors of the institution, one meets a change as great as that already described. Not that the number of shepherds has increased in proportion to the number of sheep. Far from it. Yet there is a great change, indeed! Gone are now most of the grand old masters—some retired, others unfortunately deceased—and their burdens have shifted on to younger shoulders. The very room in which they were housed then—it had the air of a *sanctum sanctorum* to the firsties at least in those days—has been changed for more spacious quarters which do not seem to possess too much of sanctity now-a-days. The college walls echo no more to the voices of those familiar old figures. There was J. N. Das with his trumpet voice, his odd type of dress, his inexhaustible store of jokes and the sly twinkle in his eye. One misses now the ponderous figure of Bahadur Singh, a type of the strong, silent man, who to our imaginative minds appeared to rule the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the college like an Olympian. And Manghirmalani, spare of body and morose of countenance, who took delight in having the reputation of a cynic, is still remembered with affection by some of his old student-chums who knew him to be a far better man than he gave himself out to be. Of that old band one of the last to retire was Kanji Lal, the cadences of whose bass sonorous voice in reciting Sanskrit verses would sometimes float into the adjoining Mathematics class and send a thrill through its cheerless atmosphere. Happily, Professor Gyani Ram, one of the last survivors of the 'Old Guard', is still with us and enlivens the atmosphere of the Staff Room with a warmth reminiscent of the old days. But he too, alas, is to leave us soon and his magnetic presence will be sorely missed for many a dreary day to come. Professor Madan,

one of the youngest members on the staff in those days, now serves as a link between the past and the present, the old and the young; for though he belongs to the old band, he is ever as young as the youngest member of the college. He is now verily the central sun round whom revolve the young tyros not sufficiently acquainted with the ways and traditions of the institution.

Our college now enjoys several distinctions in the University. It leads not only in numbers but in various other things too into the details of which modesty requires we should not go. But of one thing at least one must take notice: if a census were taken of the ages of the members of the teaching staff of all colleges in the University and the average age of a teacher in each institution calculated, I could lay a wager that our college would lead the figures from the bottom. Yes, the staff now consists mostly of youngsters. That is, however, no cause for despair. For, while age represents serenity and wisdom, youth stands for vigour and enthusiasm. And in these days, when action is needed more than contemplation, the youthful shepherds are very likely to lead successfully their flocks to 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

I have so far spoken of changes, minor or major. But there are not lacking a few reminders of the oldest days the college has seen. There is the old head clerk, Pt. Gobind Dhar, who, after some voyaging abroad, I am told, has come back at last to enjoy his own again. Then there is the familiar figure of Mohd Batt—almost as old as the hills!—on whose appearance a difference of ten years does not seem to have left any marked change. To this category belongs too the venerable old bearer who mounts guard now and then in front of the Staff Room.

Lastly, one cannot help noticing changes in the general mentality of students. Here the outlook, I must confess, is rather depressing. The two main aims of the students now appear to be—first, getting 'off—days' and 'off—periods' on the most paltry excuses; secondly, success in the house examinations (not the

University examinations so much, that being left to luck, chance, God, the Devil, or the powers that be!) by any means—fair, foul, or indifferent. The majority of students do not now appear to be keen about debates, dramas, or even sports. Changed are the times for this college, it appears, when resounding oratory was witnessed and battles royal were fought on the college platform even on such stale topics as 'Widow Remarriage.' Gone are the days when we saw the mighty Caesar strut forth and thunder on the stage of the College Dramatic Club. Fortunately, however, most of these things are not irrevocable, and if only the young pastors and their wards put their heads seriously together, what is it they may not be able to achieve? Once the exuberant energy of youth is directed into proper channels, the results will be wonderful indeed. Let us hope the day is not far off when the old glory will be revived with an increased lustre for the future greatness of our *alma mater*.

S. L. P.

EARLY HINDU NUMERALS

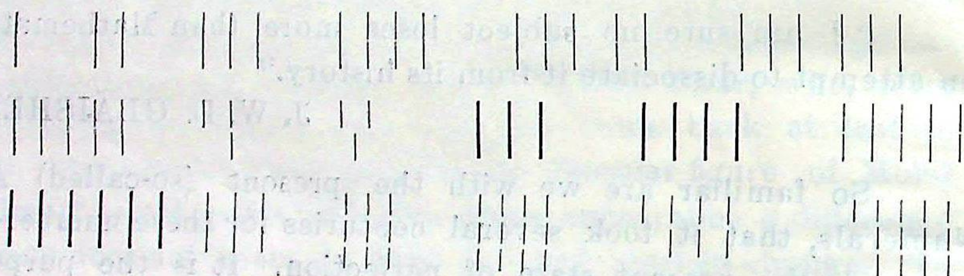
"I am sure no subject loses more than Mathematics by an attempt to dissociate it from its history."

J. W. L. GLAISHER.

So familiar are we with the present (so-called) Arabic Numerals, that it took several centuries for these number-forms to reach the present state of perfection. It is the purpose of this article to give a short but comprehensive account of the origin and development of the Hindu Numerals, known now-a-days as the Arabic Numerals. In view of the great dearth of reliable material available to us, we cannot be certain as to origin, dates and the early spread of the system. Our conclusions will, therefore, naturally, be based on the information gathered from the yet-not-completely-deciphered Mohenjo-Daro excavations

(c. 3000 B. C.), from the study of the Vedas (c. 2000 B. C.) and the Asoka Inscriptions of the Third Century B. C. It may be mentioned here that no information in the form of documents, written or otherwise, about the Number Signs belonging to the period of 2,700 years or more between the discovery of the Mohenjo-Daro Incriptions and the Edicts of Asoka, has so far become available.

It is generally believed that, in Ancient India, the numbers were written out in full words, and that the numerical symbols were only invented sometime after the writing was introduced, although the signs for smaller units were as old as the writing itself. Scholars like Buhler are of opinion that the art of writing was introduced into India from the West about the eighth century B. C., but in the Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa inscriptions (c. 3000 B. C.), we find, besides other signs left undeciphered upto the present day, numbers one to thirteen written by means of vertical strokes arranged side by side, or one group written below another as is evident from the figures given below :—



Again, the mention of the writing of the number Eight in Rigveda, and the use of numerical denominations as big as 10^{12}, in the Yajurveda, and reference of the kind in other works of the Vedic period point to the use in India of numerical symbols at a very early date, and, conclusively prove that the *Hindus* must have possessed a fairly developed system of

numerals as early as or before 3,000 B. C. thus exploding all theories deriving the Indian script from foreign sources, more so when the Greek and the Roman numeral terminologies did not go beyond 10^4, even though a satisfactory numeral symbolism had been in vogue for several centuries there; and, also, the variations in the numeral symbols in the inscriptions of Asoka (300 B. C.) show that they must have been in use for a pretty long time.

The early Hindu Numerals may be classified into three groups: (1) the Kharosthi, (2) the Brahmi, and (3) the Word and Letter forms. We shall speak about each of these forms separately. These numeral forms had no place value, although the present Arabic system with place value is only the perfected form of the Brahmi system.

The Kharosthi Numerals: These numerals have been discovered in inscriptions appearing in ancient Ghandhara now eastern Afghanistan, and the northern Punjab. This script is written from right to left, and this fact makes us assume that it has a Semitic origin. This script was popular with clerks and businessmen. The period when it was in vogue extends from the fourth century B. C. to the third century A. D., but of a total of 30 Asoka Inscriptions, two are in Kharosthi characters. In these Inscriptions, only four numerals have been found and these are represented by vertical marks, thus:

1 | 2 || 4 |||| 5 |||||

The Inscriptions of the Sakas, of the Parthians and of the Kushans, possibly of the first century B. C. or after, give more developed forms of numerals of the right-to-left type, some of which are given below. Three different scales of counting *viz.*, four, ten and twenty, are evident.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	10
I	II	III	X	IX	IIX	IIIX	XX	7

20	40	50	60	70	80	100	200	300	122
3	33	733	333	7333	3333	ʌI	ƧII	ƧIII	II3II

It will be observed that four is to this system what x (ten) was to the Roman system. It cannot be satisfactorily explained why four, which was previously represented by four vertical lines came to be represented by a cross. The numbers from five to eight follow the additive principle with four as the base. The number nine does not appear in the inscription. Most probably it was represented by IXX. The number Ten was written as 7 and not by IIXX, for reasons not yet understood. It is however similar to the A of the Kharosthi alphabet. The number twenty had also a separate sign for it, it evidently being a ligature of two tens. The numbers forty to eighty followed the additive principle. The number Hundred had entirely a new sign for it: it resembled the letter *ta* or *tra* of the Brahmi alphabet with 1 to the right of it. The symbols for 200, 300 etc., are variants of the symbol for hundred with two or three vertical strokes. The formation of these numbers follows the multiplicative principle as used by the Phoenicians.

The forms of other numbers may be illustrated by the number 122, which is written with the help of the symbols for 100, 20 and 2.

This system resembles the Nabatean numerals in use in the first centuries of the Christians eras. Both have a scale of twenty and resemble in the method of formation of hundreds although the symbols for one hundred are quite different. The cross for four seems to have been derived by turning earlier (?) Brahmi symbol for four, which is +. The similarity in the scripts does not seem to be accidental. It is quite likely that the Kharosthi is a foreign script imported into India at the time of the conquest of the Punjab by Darius (c. 500 B. C.) or earlier.

The Brahmi Numerals: The Brahmi Inscriptions are found scattered all over India. This alphabet is attributed to Brahma, and is the oldest of the several known in India. These Numerals, which are a purely Indian invention, do not seem to be as old as the alphabet, as they have not yet been found in inscriptions earlier than those of Asoka. We are not in a position to say what were the original forms of the Brahmi symbols; probably the numbers were, as already stated, written in full words, as is evident from the earliest Pali writings of Ceylon.

Various theories of a foreign origin of the Brahmi symbols have been propounded, but they have all been exploded by the recent discoveries of the Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa inscriptions.

The Brahmi numerals that appear in the edicts of Asoka (c. 300 B. C.) are given below:

1 2 4 6 50 50 200 200 200

The most important inscriptions of the second century B. C. in a cave on the top of the Nanaghat hill about 75 miles from Poona in Central India give the following number forms, which have been first deciphered by Pt. Bhagavanlal Indraji about the year 1876:

1 2 4 6 7 9 10 10 10

20 60 80 100 100 100 200 400

700 1000 4000 6000 10,000 20,000

Again, the Nasik inscriptions in Bombay of the first or the second century A. D. supply us with further evidence of the numerals whose forms are as follow:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

10 10 20 40 70 100 200 500

1000 2000 3000 4000 8000 70,000

The specimens of these fragments of numeral forms seem to suggest a Brahmi origin to our present system of Arabic numerals.

In these numerals, as also in the Kharosthi ones, no zero appears and, in fact, none existed. Numbers like twenty, thirty, and other multiples of ten, one hundred, two hundred and so on required separate symbols to represent them, for without the invention of zero, no place value could be possible, and therefore numbers higher than nine could not be written as they are written now. There were as many as twenty of these symbols, a number which later greatly increased. The numbers one, two, three of the Brahmi notation were denoted by one, two and three horizontal strokes respectively placed one below the other; and were thus clearly distinct from the Kharosthi and the Semitic forms. In the Brahmi Script writing proceeded from left to right. The two systems seem, thus, to be inherently different from each other, more so also, because the principles, upon which the numerical signs in the two systems are formed, are quite different.

(To be continued)

Prof. S. N. KAUL.

ON BORES

It constitutes one of the tragedies of human life that we cannot be left to ourselves. Over-careful parents, over-watchful friends, and over-anxious relatives overshoot the boundary of their field of care. They obtrude themselves on your consciousness at times other than when desired. Naturally you unconsciously begin to feel a kind of repulsion towards your undesired visitor. He may not trouble you from any conscious ill-will against you. It is only lack of imagination and common-sense; he feels that he wants you, but does not consider whether you also want him. In the preliminary stages of the accelerated number of his visits, you feel uneasy; then you begin to feel repulsed by his talk, and when his visits become too frequent you begin to be bored.

Bores are terrible creatures—more terrible than bears. They torment us constanly. They deteriorate our moral and intellectual character. But they are unavoidable as death, yet death comes only once. It is extremely miserable for you when such an unavoidable bore intrudes upon your reverie in solitude, and thrusts his inopportune and unwished—for presence upon you. He takes you round with him, and tells you details of what you are not anxious to know about. In the midst of his talk, suddenly observing that you are silent and uncomfortable in his company, he at once remembers that moroseness is one of the fourteen points of insanity; and if he is "worldly" wise he keeps the remark to himself and sets to counteract your moroseness by his anxious cares doubled! The leaden-weight of despondency hangs heavier on your heart, and he renews his misdirected efforts with a fresh enthusiasm. How oppressing! You wish yourself rather dead than alive. Yet you dare not utter a word for your life. For we cannot be freely outspoken in this world. The false veil of prudery is always there. Speak out what you feel and you are an outcast. Society, like hungry ravens, will make a prey of you.

Bores are essentially self-important. A foolish parent never sends his son out for education, for he thinks that the son cannot tolerate separation from him. The youngster, I am sure, is all the while cursing him for having marred his life and, in many cases, he quietly slips out with the money which took the careful parent years to hoard. The first-born holds himself as the pillar of the household, and others' needs must follow in his wake. Some scientists hold themselves to be indispensable for the progress of the world. All these are hopeless exaggerations of self-importance, which helps its possessors to become odious bores.

Prudes are always bores—they can't be anything else. Prudish bores are a menace to their children, and harrass them all their lives, with the result that the germs of their disease begin to infect their unfortunate children. I ascribe the prudery and the boring manner of our tragic friend V—to these reasons.

Silent bores are not so troublesome as talkative ones. If you are of a solitary temperament, they are not bores at all. But the other type is terrible. Persistent bores are the worst of all. There is no escaping from them. There are many instances of this type. The conventional wife is one of these. A cold-blooded woman, her cry is : "Give me your sun from yonder skies." You cannot expect sympathy or comfort from her. Such women, unfortunately, are abundant in our society, as if there was not already a sufficient number of bores in this world. She is a wife because she must be, and if she could help it, she wouldn't be one. You implore, "Leave, O leave, me to my repose ! " But the bore is a persistent one. This state of affairs unnerves you, and you answer her cry with a wail :

"Give me dark death or dreamful ease ! "

That famous destructive bore has immortalized himself, but for whom we should have had more of "*Kubla Khan.*"

A simple bore is a less dangerous type. He is but faintly acquainted with the maxim, "Know thyself." If you disregard his presence, he will vanish like a ghost. But if you begin to evince interest in him, he will soon develop into a persistent bore.

Some bores are constant, while others are only periodical. A constant bore is a bore to his bones. He is unendurable. He cannot do anything but bore others; it is a religious duty with him. A periodical bore is less unendurable. He is an intermittent bore, with lucid intervals of an average man. L— is the best example of this type. He bores us and we bore him. The former statement is self-evident. As an evidence for the latter, the time-honoured remark, "Get away, you fool," of the worthy functionary may be suggested. But we must not forget that this is duly compensated by some of the most jolly moments we have with him. Who is not amused when he seasons his speech with an eternity of 'what's,'? Nor is there the dull monotony of 'what' only; there are such pleasant variations as "How much is what?" and "what is what?" I once believed that there existed a certain triangle "A' B what" medium, with "A' How-much."

TRILOKI NATH RAINA
3rd Year.

GROWLINGS.

War!—The word to-day awakens strange fears in the mind of every one of us. Will there be a war? Will Europe be lit up with a conflagration? Or, will there be peace, perpetual peace? These are the questions which every educated man insistently asks himself and his friends.

Naturally enough, conjectures are rife everywhere and fact is often wrapped up with fiction. Some people say that a war between democracies and totalitarian states is inevitable. Others

opine that in the long run there will be a war between the communist Russia and the rest of Europe, and affirm this statement by pointing to the fact that Germany has made friends with Italy, Hungary and Japan so that they may assist her in her anti-communist designs.

To be clear in our view-point let us first view the present European situation in its most noteworthy aspects.

The Treaty of Versailles is said to have been a flagrant breach of morality. When Germany fell, big slices of territory were snatched away from her, from her ally, Austria and from Russia, and new states of Poland and Czechoslovakia were formed. Many Germans were transferred to Italy and Denmark. Millions of them were, thus, forced to groan under alien governments.

The huge war-debt, imposed on Germany, was far beyond her resources. Forsaken, crushed, helpless, she was revenged upon for the offences of an autocrat Emperor. Troubled and harrassed, she determined to have her vengeance, and, rising under the leadership of Adolf Hitler, she repudiated the Versailles Treaty.

Those who remodelled Europe after the Great War with pride and ostentation betrayed a disastrous lack of imagination and foresight and a colossal ignorance of the past. They made the same blunder as was committed by the reorganizers of Europe at the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Wilson and Lloyd George could not foresee the rising of a new Germany, resentful of her mutilation and anxious to obtain a re-union of her dismembered nationality and divided territory.

And now! What do we see? The state of Czechoslovakia has come to an end. The independence of Poland and Denmark is threatened. The Versailles Treaty has been flung to the winds. A death-blow has been dealt to the prestige of France and Britain throughout the world.

After the Great War, the chief aim of the French foreign policy was to guard the independence of Austria, Czechoslovakia,

Roumania, Belgium and Poland. It had been bolstered up to keep a regenerated and ambitious Germany from pouncing on France suddenly and unawares. The main aim of the British foreign policy was to induce a weakening of her influence in north-eastern Europe.

When Italy began the barbarous campaign against Ethiopia, France wanted to intervene on behalf of the latter. Britain, however, was unready to participate. A misunderstanding, therefore, came to exist between France and Britain. Hitler, always watchful of an opportunity to realise his ambitions, made the best of this opportunity and occupied Rhineland. Had the French taken effective military steps at that time, the German forces would have been blown away like chaff. They abstained from action and Rhineland was lost.

Another chief aim of the French foreign policy was to prevent the union of Austria and Germany to preclude the formation of a strong Tentonic power. When Hitler declared that Austrians and Germans were of the same blood, and, therefore, should be united, France protested. When he sent his army into Austria, France did not move a finger. Germany stood triumphant.

Some Germans, as I have said above, were put under the rule of Czechs in Czechoslovakia. Hitler, who could not tolerate to see the Sudeten-Germans being "misruled" by the Czechs, demanded the cession of Sudetenland, the territory which the Germans occupied in the state. In September last, Hitler gave an ultimatum of twenty-four hours for the cession of the territory, demanded and threatened war in case of refusal. Doctor Benes, the President of Czechoslovakia, hurled defiance at Hitler from Prague. Had he been supported by any of the strong powers of Europe he would have dragged Germany into a disastrous war. Though France and Russia were ready to take action on behalf of Czechoslovakia, Chamberlain induced the former to strive for peace at any cost. Besides, Hitler was not so reckless as to risk a war which would prove ruinous for Germany. He invited a Four-

Power Conference at Munich, where he got what he wanted. The democracies made an abject surrender to the dictatorships. Without bloodshed, the hegemony passed into the hands of Germany and France ceased to be a dominant power. The Munich Pact proved of good use to Hitler in another way also. Russia, the arch-enemy of the Nazis was turned out of the political arena.

Great hopes were entertained after the Munich conference. Hitler declared that he had no territorial claims to make in Europe. At Germany's bidding, Italy made some claims on France. When France scorned these claims, the gulf between France and Italy was widened. France was triumphant in Spain, and the power of Fascism was increased.

In the middle of March, some disturbances occurred in Czechoslovakia. The Slovaks, who demanded complete independence, were crushed by the Czechs. They invited the intervention of Hitler. He annexed the Czech state and declared Slovakia to be an autonomous state under Germany. The political circles of Europe, except those of Fascist countries, were caught by storm. Chamberlain denounced Hitler in his speeches and started communications with anti-Nazi countries. No military steps, however, were taken. Hitler annexed Memel, but no one interfered. Hitler's "spring campaign" was complete. He had bamboozled Chamberlain.

Hitler has made friends with Mussolini, who wants to revive the ancient splendour of Rome, and to carve out an empire for Italy in Africa and the Mediterranean region. His interests clash with those of France and Britain ; and, therefore, it is only natural that he joined Germany. From France he has demanded the cession of Savay, Nice, Corsica and Tunis, for he wants to build a wall of iron around the Mediterranean. But France has refused even to discuss these demands and the two countries have, therefore, become hostile to each other. Hitler has diplomatically negatived the possibility of an Anti-German Franco-Italian league coming into existence.

It is now evident that Hitler is planning a war against those, who humiliated Germany in the last war. He has won Spain and Italy to his own side. France remained careless when Germany took Rhineland ; desisted from action when Austria was annexed ; and when Czechoslovakia's independence was threatened, she was led astray by Chamberlain. If Germany now declares war on France, Britain, I think, will not be able to give effective help to her and save her from utter collapse at the hands of Italy, Germany and Spain.

If we survey the present economic condition of Germany, we arrive at the conclusion that the threats, by the help of which Hitler got his demands fulfilled, are empty. Germany does not posse·s sufficient iron, and she uses old sewing-machines for making guns. The pressure, she is bringing on Roumania gives ample proof of her economic backwardness. Hitler has made Germany a country of military barracks and he is mad after finding some lands which would satisfy the hungry German-masses. Conditions are so bad in Germany that a revolution of the masses is prevented only by the great military forces in the hands of the Fuehrer.

Britain, once felt proud of supporting the doctrine of 'self-determination.' She once waged war against great powers for the maintenance of the 'balance of power.' But in September last she sacrificed a democracy at the altar of dictatorship only to win the latter's good-will. If war had been declared at that time, I do not think that Hitler could have well stood the test. The mighty English navy would have blocked the ports of Germany in the North Sea ; the hostility of Russia and the Balkan powers the south would have proved fatal for Germany ; the Roumanians would have burnt their oil fields and frustrated the hopes of Germany. The united forces of Britain, France and Russia, would have enlisted the support of America and would have been successful in grinding down Germany.

Italy's fidelity to Germany is not sure. She may change sides as she did in the Great War. The exchange of visits by the

two dictators is not a guarantee of their everlasting friendship. For a death-blow has been dealt to the Italian trade by the appearance of German economic missions at Ankara, Sofia and Athens. Tyrol, mostly populated by Germans, is governed by Italy and Hitler may, one day, possibly demand its cession. When Mussolini began to give shape to his designs, he was not supported by Germany with the same zeal with which he supported her in September last. Mussolini, moreover, dreads the influence of Germany in the Adriatic. The occupation of Poland by Germany will a be hard pill for Italy to swallow. Nor can Italy provide Germany with raw materials in the event of war. The united French and English fleets in the Mediterranean are strong enough to cut her off from her colonies, where she can obtain raw materials.

About Hitler we may say that he will get Schelswig and Holstein from Denmark, occupy the Polish Corridor and make Roumania an economic dependant of Germany. If Germany gets Roumania and Greece, her economic backwardness will end and she will be able to withstand the democracies in the event of a war for a long time.

It is said tha Chamberlain fears Moscow and not Berlin. He might be playing a double game. He might be thinking of allowing the Nazi-tide to proceed towards Russia and making a conflict between the Nazis and the communists possible. As a result of that conflict, the democracies may again reign supreme in Europe.

MOHAMMAD HAIDER,
3rd Year.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

—*Jonathan Swift.*

THE WAIL OF AN OUTCAST

The whole night long rain rattled against the thatched roofs of village huts giving a dismal response to the gloom that filled the hearts of men. But as the thin streaks of dawn began to tinge the eastern sky, the rain stopped, though the clouds still remained like infernal fiends. The barren wilderness stretched its dismal sameness far and wide. The morning sea of silence broke into the melodious songs of birds. But soon after, these rapturous melodies turned into a grave, subdued, melancholy note and sounded like muffled drum-beats. The "free children of Nature" felt some deadly odour pervading the atmosphere.

I came out and loitered at random. I smelt a strange smell which awakened my curiosity. Spurred on by it, I reached a boggy moor where I heard a wail. Listening to it with profound attention, I felt that the chill tragic tone had crept into the very narrow of my bones. Was it not enough to drown me in a sea of blank wonder ?

The wail died little by little until it was reduced to a faint, inaudible groan. I knew that it was an outcast bemoaning his wreched state.

* * * * *

His own country is now an exile for him. He is condemned by friend and fee and left alone in this wide world. Society has given him up, and tossed him away friendless and fatherless, penniless and helpless, kicked him from one extreme to another, forgotten him, ostracized him. It has absolutely no room for him. He waits and weeps and wears out his heart, filled with strange forebodings and haunted by horrible fears and disturbed by vain longings.

Is there nothing human in him ? Is he an obnoxious adder stealthily poisoning the roots of society ? Is there not a trace of human divinity in him, nothing of that elemental innocence which

is in the essence of human nature? If there is, how have men ignored him in so cruel a way?

Much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man!

The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, the whips and scorns of time, the pitiless storm of human malice seem to have hunted him out as their chosen prey. The gods, too, are, for him, cold and pitiless and to them his doleful cries sound as mellifluous songs.

As flies to wanton boys is he to gods
They kill him for their sport.

Everything, divine or human, exults over his pain.

He mourns the shipwreck of his ill-adventured youth and tries in vain to melt the hearts of men. He sighs and chokes and breathes and stammers, but this is all useless.

Life, for him, has no charm, it is dull and dismal and dreary and dark. He longs for death, the only remedy of his woes, the only balm for his wounds, the only 'consummation devoutly to be wished'. He implores the earth to dig a grave for him and swallow him in. He prays the sky to lift him up. He has lived his life, with its pangs and privations, only to sacrifice it at the altar of Death.

* * * * *

The twilight of hastening dawn merged into the light of morning. The silence was replaced by the bustle of daytime, and the wail of the outcast was heard no more.

I beat an inglorious retreat, being racked with the torturous cry of suffering humanity.

JAGAN NATH KOUL,
3rd Year.

PERPLEXITIES

When I behold the spectacle of life, I find it afloat on the waves of joy and "bathed in smiles of glee."

Wherefrom, I then ask my heart, these agonising pangs of mental conflict, these excruciating pains of defeat that I constantly suffer ?

For lo ! while men and women joyously and, ay, rapturously swim in the sea of life, I stand aloof on the shore—languid, listless, staring blankly on the tides that ebb and flow.

Can I not, I ask and ask, live a life of myriad experiences, a life of passionate intensity, of strong endeavour, of irresistible desire, of delirious ardour ?

That "poignant thirst" or that "exquisite hunger", which spurs man on and on to find worlds where he can slake or satisfy it, that delicious torment of the soul—alas, I know not what that is.

Help me, O ye powers of the spirit, I am torn and divided between myself and there is a battle raging perpetually in my soul.

Between the opposite sides of will and sentiment, of introversion and extroversion, one may say, of Nature and Man, there is a furious warfare going on for ever ; each side contending for supremacy over the world of human action.

It seems as if some malignant superhuman agency has made them choose my soul as their battlefield.

The desire to discover unknown islands in the seas of life, to enjoy the adventures of living, which is only half dead, cruelly mocks itself.

Will not this battle end, leaving my soul free to choose its own way, so ask my sufferings ?.........

"PHOENIX"

ADULT EDUCATION

"Adult education implies something more subtle than dispensing of facts......it implies awakening of latencies in human personality."

—Bonaro Wilkinson.

Adult education provides opportunity for people to learn, discover, create. The true purpose of adult education is based upon the idea that education is a continuing process. The end is to give a chance to intellectual, physical and aesthetic potentialities to mature. A fundamental principle of adult education is the more mature and fully developed we are the more successfully we find our places in society.

A far-reaching reason of adult education is constructive use of leisure. *Leisure time, rather educative leisure*, forms one of the main fields of educationalism. Through useful utilization of leisure time alone can the vital reserves of the community be tapped, so that the 'educable' in every human being may be developed.

The worst vice of the society is the denial of the best in individuals whose energies and efforts are misdirected. They dwindle into square pegs in round holes, their valuable latencies never having come to surface. The mass misconception, arising from traditional muddleheadedness, that adults can learn no more, is not only—I venture to say—baseless but base. It is an adult and not a boy who has more experience and knowledge to help him. 'Education is a continuing means of self-development lasting as long as life itself.'

To give creative ability in adults a chance to flower, creative arts come within the just domain of adult education. The connection between general and vocational education should be close. The significance of craft work is great, "not only because", as Mr. K. G. Saidain has recently emphasised, "it gave a vocational bias, but because it was the appropriate approach for quickening

the interests and stimulating the mental activities" of the adult students. The adults must get vocational experience in using their hands intelligently. Apart from the curriculum including subjects of literary type, which are really an inescapable part, there are to be those of an aesthetic or literary type, music, art and physical exrcises.

All the resources of the country must be mobilized, adapted to the local needs, and oriented on the basis of the standards and desires of the adults. The adult educators must be able persons, who possess the instinct of leadership, who have a sound belief in and respect for the right of each individual to develop his latent capacities. Teacher—pupil relationship is to be replaced by a healthy team spirit to make adult education a success. The educator must not self-reflect or dominate, but aid the adult to read for himself, to speak for himself, and to think for himself. 'Self-expression, self-activity and self-response are the means by which revitalisation proceeds'.

Adult education has developed throughout the world for the last fifty years. In America the main motion of adult education is to strengthen the dynamic for democracy and to stimulate the cultural life of the people. The 'socially acceptable' purpose is strong there as is obvious from the practice of Public Conversation, the Forum and the Panel. Russia's high tide of interest in education has produced a proud state of universal literacy. In England much of the burden of adult education has been shifted to the universities. Reformative prisons for adults evidence the considerable progress made. French education, freeing itself from Napoleonic influences, prepares the people for a life both free and corporative. The five-day week has been introduced as a special amenity towards adult education. In India, with its eight per cent literacy, to keep pace with the progress of the rest of the world, radical measures in the present top-sided method of education are necessary.

The fact that mental malnutrition is of greater concern than physical undernourishment is yet to be realized. Rural progress can be effectively made provided it is preceded by adult education.

Adult education will contribute immensely towards the awakening of a sense of citizenship and brotherhood, so that the harrassing evil of parochialism can be indirectly eradicated.

Adult education in Kashmir, as in India, is yet in the experimental stage. The Jammu Silk Factory experiment gives promise for the future. Yet we must know that the brave new world of a complete liquidation of illiteracy is realizable but not very near. Open-handed means and methods are to be employed. The task before the adult educator is, as Hardy says through Yeobright, 'to instil high knowledge into empty hands.'

S. N. DHAR,
M. A.

A PICNIC

The thermometer in my room registered 85° F when the hot air of the room shook violently by the pealing of the bell. "A ring on hand is better than two on the bell," I told my friend as I stretched my beautifully ringed hand and motioned him to take his seat.

Now certain people are devoid of good manners or etiquette. Thus, without formal knocking or "May I come in," came a man, his face the very presentation of the 'GOBI' desert. Before I had a second look at my visitor, he had me in his arms and I was diving deep in the soft springy bosom of my friend. My friends continued to buzz while I had the sensation to be down, to rise never. When I came to myself I was aware of being dragged by my friend Shyam and the second instant I was flung carelessly into the back seat of a car. I thought

I was being kidnapped, but before I could shout, we were on our way towards Dal Gate. Then it became crystal clear to me. In a flash I recognised my friend Shyam and knew that he was taking us to a picnic.

The car was an old model 'Baby' Ford and I hope that my friend will be flattered if we call it third hand. I remarked something about the big holes in the hood of the 'Baby' but my friend Bali quietened me by pointing out to me the new-fangled notions of ventilation. I appreciated the remark, as all of you will, and then, to my astonishment, noticed that the speedometer and the choke were missing.

Leaving the city behind we started the thrilling game of chasing the tongas, as you must know it was Sunday. We did well on the level road but soon the uphill climb began to tell on our car's veteran engine and the chasing became a hopeless affair. Shyam put the car in the lowest gear and steadily we conquered the incline. The car moved on slowly some two or three furlongs and I thought that we would be soon at Chisma Shahi. But the irony of fate delights to frustrate the hopeful expectations of a man. To the astonishment of all of us the 'Baby' stopped moving uphill. It would not, should not, or could not move on.

I left my friends to look after the engine and proceeded to enjoy the beauty of Nature. After some time I returned to find my friends gone. I raced off up the road, when, turning the bend, I found my friends pushing the 'Baby' uphill. I joined them and soon found ourselves at our destination, to our great relief.

SAT PAUL SAWHNEY,
1st Year.

———

A TOBACCO PUFF

If I were to ask you the question, "What do the people of to-day like most?" I am sure that the prompt answer would be, "A tobacco puff".

The very fragrance of a lighted cigarette tempts one to inhale some of its smoke and enjoy it to one's fill. The pleasure is indescribable. You become (no matter, if it be for the moment only) the master of your fate and bid farewell to all your griefs. Your imagination begins to soar and you become "the lord of all you survey." Rising from the tip of the cigarette, the smoke forms a continuous stream, takes a zigzag path, makes whirlpools and rings of various size, enlarges itself, finally disappears like waves following one another, and impregnates the air with a subtle perfume.

Great poets, great statesmen, great thinkers, great Mumbo Jumbos of society were notorious smokers. "My thoughts," Mr. Stanley Baldwin (Lord Baldwin) is reported to say, "grow in the aroma of a particular tobacco," and I doubt if other statesmen and thinkers would not say the same thing of themselves. Smoking refreshes them after their brains have undergone an unendurable strain. It cools their anger, it quietens their impatience, it relieves their exhaustion and keeps their spirits in a glow. Jerome K. Jerome, one of the greatest humourists of to-day, has aptly dedicated his *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* to his pipe. An Urdu Poet, when asked to what he was indebted for his poetic flights, said, "To my inspiration, of course, but that would come through my "*hukka.*"

I sometimes fancy that the chief cause of England's eminence as an industrial country is, that it manufactures the greatest number of cigarettes. A thousand (and one) thanks to Sir Walter Raleigh who imported tobacco from a foreign land!

A friend of mine would complain of his disastrous lack of self-restraint and of the power to keep alone. He was always at a loss how he should while away his leisure hours. Unfortunately (though he plumed himself on this account) he would abstain from smoking. Instead of recommending him some psychotherapeutic method of treatment, we advised him to take to smoking. Will you be surprised if I tell you that this sacred habit cured him of all mental diseases and made him astonishingly self-sufficient ?

Curious—isn't it—that while I have written all this in defence of smoking, I am not a smoker myself !

GIRDHARI LAL VISHIN
3rd Year.

A FEW VALENTINES.

The President :—

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?"
—*Shakespeare*

The Union Secretaries :—

"Ah, take the cash——" —*Omar Khayyam*

Our member :—

"This is my own, my native land—" —*Scott*

The Debating Society :—

"The thoughts of youth are long long thoughts."
—*Longfellow*

The Winter Garden :—

"One drop of beauty, left behind——" —*A. E.*

The Bun Hole :—

"Come, dear children, let us away
Down and away below." —*Matthew Arnold*—

The 11 o'clock coffee-ites :—

Ah, why
" Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone." —*Tennyson*

The woman student :—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned—" —*Wordsworth*

The Chemists :—

"Odours, when sweet violets sicken
Live within the sense they quicken." —*Shelley*

The Engineer's Dinner :—

"for why
Should every creature drink, but I" —*Cowley*

The Departed Clarence :—

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter." —*Keats*

Mrs. H (of Men's Hostel) :—

"She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me." —*Coleridge*

The Boat Club :—

"With toying oars............they glide
Nor care for wind or tide." —*Keats*

The Union Committee :—

With more than mortal powers endow'd.
How high they soar'd above the crowd,
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place—" —*Scott*

Members of Rugger club :—

"My drink is water pure, water pure,
From the crystal stream." —*Anonymous.*

Collected by
BHAVANESH KOUL and LOKESH DAR,
1st Year.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

A simple glimpse through the keyhole reveals the whole scene in a small room lying on the western side of our huge college building. Here the ruling class of this great literary institution takes their breathing time after they have suffered a harmonious strain on their mental and vocal organs, and after they have escaped toppling over only by the 'skin of their teeth', when passing through the narrow, complicated and congested roads of the place.

But what does it reveal ? A great mystery—so great that a modern historical surveyor would require days to reveal it. Men born with pens behind their ears and inkstands in place of their hearts are seen cramming and poring intently on worm-eaten and dusty volumes in lonely corners, or with pens racing over sheets of paper, with an eye on the clock and with the left hand over their hearts to check its violent palpitation.

But a turn of the head through a hundred and eighty degrees reveals something quite different—fellowmen of the aforesaid studious 'refectory' stretching themselves to their full length upon their chairs which, if the process continues, are likely to give way under their huge bodies. (The chairs miss greatly their skinny occupant Prof. C—) They are wholly engaged in their idle gossip, waiting for the bell to ring, when they would be required to display their genius and their skill. They can be seen with pipes in their mouths, filling the air with a soft haze. They fill the room with roaring laughter which jars upon the ears of their fellow corner-men. Some of them are the leading orators of the day, "their speech is the fibre of their being, and when they speak, the ambiguity of ambiguities is removed."

Since the time when the curse fell on the Lady of Shalott, her magical mirror has found its place in this mysterious "—— room". It hangs itself on the northern wall of this

room. Can my gentle reader suggest what this mirror reflects to our literary figures, when it reflected the whole world's shadows to the Lady ? It is a sight of relief, an object of satisfaction, and a fount of sympathy to them. When retiring from and leaving for their classes, they cast a keen glance into this mirror to view their red-in-the-morning faces. How odd they feel when it reflects to them their pale countenances, exhausted with the day's strenuous work in the classes. Some among them,—like Prof. M.—who are but young, gay, and bonny, can be seen with their eyes in the mirror and their hands very close to their heads, beginning to set right every disturbance caused in their highly-oiled hair by rough movements through crowds of students.

Some of their neighbours may be seen in erect positions turning over the leaves of their Census Register, making lists of the births and the deaths of the day to be forwarded to Mr. K— the personal secretary of the king.

A few boys who have with great difficulty succeeded in securing admittance into this heterogeneously inhabited island, may be seen supporting themselves on their legs before these literary personages, with either leave-forms or answer-papers in their hands, making apologies and requests to which the latter turn quite a deaf ear. They simply puff rings of blue smoke out of their mouths, and gaze at the ceiling.

Only so much of this strange mystery is revealed by this single glimpse through a simple keyhole when the "guard of honour", placed at the huge gate of this mysterious apartment, shouts with his gruff voice. You mingle with a group of gibbering firsties, and the mystery ends in smoke.

HRADAI NATH TIKU,
Third Year.

FOUR MEN

Four men—a Communist, a Fascist, a Trade Union Official, and a die-hard Tory stood on the bank of a deep, wide, swift-flowing river.

Aiming at reaching the distant opposite bank, the Communist raised a fist and a loud shout confident of success, and plunged in. He made rapid progress half-way across, but opened his mouth too wide in the middle of the stream, and ultimately sank like a stone.

Then came the Fascist, with an even mightier shout, went in with a terrific splash, and by sheer force of energy soon got to the middle of the river. But alas ! he was so handicapped by his saluting arm which would function efficiently in one direction only that he too got drowned.

With less exaltation, but with no less intensity, and perhaps with even more sagacity of purpose and greater enthusiasm, the Trade Union Official made good way to within striking distance of his goal when he suddenly heard the five o'clock buzzer, hesitated, not knowing whether to go on or turn back, and was ultimately swept away by the impatient flood.

The die-hard Tory had been watching the ebb and flow of the contest with apparent indifference. But now he tested the water with his toe and at length cast himself gently upon the waves, as if he were begging forgiveness. He had nothing to carry. His lips were set and he promised nothing. He simply lay on his back and paddled on slowly.......

Somewhere, sometime, somehow he got to the other side.

LOKESH DAR,
1st. Year.

FROM THE EDITOR'S BIG BOX

It is not a box, reader! It is a chair, and not an easy one at that. It is the uneasiest of all chairs. The correcting and re-writing of articles is a tiresome business. The classroom com-positions that we receive put us out of our gear. A great catas-trophe would have to be feared had there not been plenty of other articles to amuse us. They come in time to relieve us of the mental strain. You can hear the editor laughing himself hoarse over such articles in his study.

" Dear Editor, please publish this article" implore some of our worthy friends, while the more prudent beings affix the intro-duction "Please do not throw it into the W. P. B." to their literary efforts. Well, the latter is less unreasonable, although it is seldom complied with.

Decoration and beautifying of manuscripts is much in vogue. If a paragraph is to begin with 'The,' T will be put in a cage-like structure of flowers and leaves. The ' Safety Valve' opens, and in glides the garlanded masterpiece—"the insane wanderings of a fading brain."

All the first year gentlemen take great care to annex the full information about themselves to their articles, lest they be lost in the storm of articles that pass into the W. P. B.

H. B. probably felt disgusted with the ways of the world, and summed up his sixteen golden maxims under the heading "What one has to learn from *Another*." They are remarkable dis-coveries indeed!

'A true Gentleman" is written by a Rip Van Winkle who fell asleep in the time of Chaucer, and awoke but this year to claim a seat in the *Pratap*. It was almost impossible for us to know in what language he wrote. Here we reproduce it.

"He *consider's at* a sin to injure the feelings of *other's* .... *treats woven* with respect,.........he is well grounded in *religan* but

his *religon* does not make him into *collison* with persons of other *religons*.........In short he is compound of all *vertues*."

Another gentleman denounced us as conceited creatures because we did not publish *his* article which, as he naively confessed, was laboriously produced by four graduates. We wonder how the gentleman can have the cheek to confess and then insist upon its publication. Plagiarism will always be discouraged and deprecated by us.

The *Pratap* had grown surfeited, and now it is slimming down. Let us pray that it may not dwindle into a mere pamphlet.

T. N. RAINA.

"THANK YOU" *

(OUR W. P. B)

(1) *The Government of the Tongue.*

"People render themselves insignificant by an eager desire to engage the attention of others."

You, at least, haven't done so, but found an honourable first place in our hospitable waste-paper-basket.

(2) *Pure Love.*

"As a miser conceals his wealth, divine love has to be concealed......"

And to be buried in a pit to rust and decay and not to be written noisy articles about.

"To us love is nothing but what we may call lust."

What a frank confession !

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*We are happy to announce that the W. P. B. has last half its terrors by the coming of our new "benevolent censor" who, seeing how the "firsties" sneer atits helpless victims, ordered that the names of the "prodigies" who don't let the W. P. B remain pathetically empty should not be exposed. We are sure that the "guys" will welcome the change (Yusuf).

(3) *The True Goal of Humanity.*

"We can attain salvation which is the final goal of life.

Instead, you have 'attained' a place in our basket which is the final goal of your article.

"Mind is the greatest enemy......"

Because certain otherwise inexplicable promptings make you produce balderdash, eh ?

(4) *Some Problems of the Mind.*

"It is a weakness to have emotions in the mind."

You may act on your own maxim when you discover that your article has found its way right through the Editor's scissors.

"Mind is all electricity."

Electricity ? Take care lest you get a shock.

(5) *Unemployment in the Eyes of a Scientist.*

"Unemployment is a gas......"

......which, when inhaled by an F. Y. F in his leisure hours, induces his silly brain to irritate the editor.

(6) *Reverie.*

"But before my sweet reached me, I fell down, and stood up by a stroke with the desk......"

Was it, the schoolmaster's rod or was it G's frightening sneeze that brought you back from your dreamland, we wonder ?

(7) *Suicide.*

"Do try it once !"

Only once !

(8) *Chalk Mark.*

"Speaking broadly, the chalk mark is "Fool"......It is a blessing in disguise."

For it carries you (a third year student) two years back which, we are sure, would be impossible otherwise.

(9) *What is Good ?*

Obviously enough, nothing but the waste-paper-basket which afforded shelter to your piously written article.

(10) *On love-Marriages.*

"I have half a mind to marry a girl of my own choice."

Half a mind! That, to be sure, is all you need.

(11) *Non-violence.*

"It makes me tremble when I just have a peep into the affairs of Europe which passes through a great crisis."

Thank you for informing us that it was trembling which made your hand make some unintelligible signs on paper. Otherwise, we couldn't understand the phenomenon.

"When I behold Germany and other states, I find myself between deep sea and devil......"

......From whom, we wonder, how you escaped.

(12) *A True Gentleman.*

"Thackeray says, 'A gentleman is a rare man *than* some of *one* think for.' "

Poor Thackeray!

"A gentleman considers it a sin to trouble others......."

......by writing things which the Editor's brain stubbornly refuses to understand.

(13) *A Life of Disappointments.*

"Troubled terribly, I found my only solace in love......I pursued a maiden"

And 'clasped a reed', didn't you?

{ YUSUF
RAINA.

Dissatisfaction reigns everywhere, and Heaven is usually where somebody else is and where we are not.

—*Robert Lynd.*

NOTES AND COMMENTS

As Europe stood aghast at the Fascist demonstrations of brazen-faced brigandage, and war in the near future became almost a dangerous certainty, our college began its spring term in a characteristic atmosphere of calm and quiet, which, by the way, proved afterwards more monotonous than easeful.

When on March 20, the college buzzed with the "so-happy-to-see-you-sirs," the authorities had lots of surprises up their sleeves for us. We heard the news that Prof. Jia Lal Koul and Prof. Chand Narayan were transferred to the P. W. College, Jammu. It was wise of the authorities to save us from the pain of parting by bringing about the change at a time when we sat in our houses, contentedly ignorant about it. But the joys of meeting again our friend and fellows were damped by the news in no little measure. Prof. Chand Narain was, perhaps, the oldest member of our staff and he had become a "walking encyclopaedia" for us. Furrowed by the studies of so many things, his face reminded us of the sages of old. Prof. Koul was one of the most popular members of our staff ; his genial disposition, his pungent sarcasm, the versatility of his interests won him a place in our hearts. It was a delight to hear him laughing and scoffing—always pleasantly—at things which he considered stupid. We sadly miss both of the Professors.

It, however, made us glad to hear that we had Prof. R. C. Pandita and Prof. Sham Lal Pandit now in our midst. Prof. Pandita is well-known in Kashmir for his great learning, his amazing ability and his scholarly ways. Prof. Sham Lal a brilliant old boy of our college, has attained immense popularity as a professor in the short space of one month.

The other surprise the authorities threw like a bombshell was the news that our old vacation-programme was changed and replaced by a new one, hardly convenient or advantageous for the major part of students. The students took prompt action

and solicited its reconsideration.

Prof. Autar Kishen Kitchlu has been officiating as Principal since December 23, 1938 and his principalship has been successful in the maintenance of discipline. His courteous and kind ways have made him beloved of all students.

Ten days after our college was opened, came the "All Fools, Day." The shy jokes of the "firsties" and the swagger of the seniors were, as usual, very remarkable. It was interesting to see the dons hopelessly trying to retain their serenity in an atmosphere of fun and jollity, mirth and laughter. The fire-brigade incident was appreciated by all, and even those who boast of their serious demeanour could not help sniggering at it. The pleasantries of the day gave us relief from the drab monotony of previous days.

On April 9, Iqbal Day celebrations were held in the College Hall, under the presidentship of our Principal. All the speakers paid tributes to the immortal poet, whose genius shines in undimmed splendour and imperishable glory.

Then came the season of the University Examinations and, consequently, an unendurably dull time for our college. It was at this time that we were asked to enjoy the spring vacation. We had no alternative but to take the order in prudent silence and be glad over the welcome change.

On April 24, the college re-opened and the students looked as if there had been no vacation at all. A usual way of the students, is it? It was spring now and breezes of wind, laden with the fragrance of lilac, hyacinths and irises, tended to lull us into sleep. We had a waft of joy and peace and believed that the poet who said that all was right with the world was no fool, when the Principal announced that the annual examination would begin on the 8th of May. Infernally tyrannical—these examinations! We cursed and railed and swore

and chafed ; but the book-worms (intellectual Shylocks, shan't we call them ?) were secretly happy in the hope of finding compensation for the humiliations they have daily to suffer.

On the whole, the period under review was uneventful, prosaic and undramatic. May we hope that we have days of excitement ahead ?

YUSUF

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We have received the results of the research work done by Mr. K. N. Jalla (4th year) in the village Hardanna. The work is embodied in an article entitled, " A Brief Economic Survey of Hardanna." It is too long to find a place in this issue and too technical to be broken up in parts. We look forward to seeing it whole in the next issue.

* * *

We acknowledge the receipt of magazines of the following Colleges :—

(1) Prince of Wales College, Jammu.
(2) F. C. College, Lahore.
(3) Govt. College, Lahore.
(4) D. A. V. College, Lahore.
(5) 'The Ganga', Lahore.
(6) Islamia College, Lahore.
(7) D. J. Sindh College, Karachi.
(8) Murray College, Sialkot.
(9) Oriental College, Lahore.
(10) Khalsa College, Amritsar.
(11) Dyal Singh College, Lahore.
(12) Birla College, Rajputana.
(13) Islamia College, Peshawar.
(14) St. Stephen's College, Delhi.

(15) Govt.-Intermediate College, Pasrur.
(16) K. R. High School, Agra.
(17) Attock College, Campbellpore.
(18) Ram Sukhdas College, Ferozepore.
(19) Daya Nand Mathradas College, Moga.

When I die and go to heaven, I shall feel bound in intellectual honour to say to God, "Scrap the lot, Old Man. Your human experiment is a failure. Men as political animals are quite incapable of solving the problems created by the multiplication of their own numbers. Blot them out and make something better."

—Bernard Shaw.

A woman once asked Einstein if he was convinced that his theory was true. "I believe it to be true," he answered. "But it will only be proved for certain in the year 1981, when I am dead." "What will happen then ?" asked the woman. "Well," said he, "if I am right, the Germans will say I was a German and the French will say I was a Jew ; if I am wrong, the Germans will say I was a Jew and the French will say I was a German."

Have you ever read an obituary notice of which the subject did not possess, under his rough exterior and formidable manner, a heart of gold ? We have all hearts of gold, though we are sometimes too much preoccupied with our own affairs to remember the fact.

—Aldous Huxley.

I am tired of all these people who govern states from the recesses of their garrets. Unable to govern their wives or their households, these legislators take great pleasure in regulating the universe.

—Voltaire.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.........Censure is the tax, a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

—*Jonathan Swift.*

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last ?

—*Jonathan Swift.*

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

—*Jonathan Swift.*

Man shall not live by bread alone. The divine injunction was unnecessary. Man never has lived by bread alone, but by every word that proceeded out of the mouth of every conceivable God. There are occasions when it would be greatly to man's advantage if he did confine himself for a little exclusively to bread.

—*Aldous Huxley.*
